

The Ambassador's Ring—Complete Story—By H. Bedford-Jones

OUTSIDE Cheng-tu, in an almost royal villa, lived old Wu Liang. When Jim Haney learned that the ambassador's ring was in the hands of Wu Liang he ordered up a chair and went out to visit the old gentleman. Wu had the right to sign himself "M. A. Oxon," which means a good deal in China.

Somewhat to his mortification, Jim found that he was in a little over his depth. He was not strong on the classical stuff. Still, he was ashamed to admit that any Chinese could know more about Greece and Rome than he did, so he shut up and listened hard. Besides, he owed this deference to his host. Wu Liang passed seventy and very frail was one of the greatest scholars and philologists in all China. Any dealer in the business would have written him a check for a million, gold, for his private collection of historical and authentic antiques.

Being straight forward—almost too much so for his own good—Jim Haney came direct with an offer to buy the ring. At this the old scholar only smiled gently and served tea. He gradually launched into a dissertation which even Haney, who knew a good deal, found very instructive.

"I suppose you know whence came this ring?" inquired Wu Liang.

Haney assented. He was one dealer who did not lie, even to buy things cheaply.

"It was recently taken from the grave of the Emperor Ling Ti," he said. "I understand that it came to you."

"True. Now, my friend, we shall speak frankly, for I know your reputation. It is one to be envied by other white men in our country. First, allow me humbly to show you the ring."

An attendant brought in a box lined with silk. From this box Wu Liang took another box. Four boxes in all there were, and in the innermost box lay the ambassador's ring. Wu Liang handed it to the American.

"You want this," he said, "because of its historic interest. I want it because of its ethnologic interest, which is far greater. Examine it, and you will see."

Haney was already going over the ring with a magnifying glass.

It was a mounting of rather heavy, soft gold, recently cleaned. The stone, of green jasper, bore the intaglio carving of a man, whose face was Chinese workmanship here! Then, examining the side of the circlet where letters appeared, Haney uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"THERE is some mistake, Wu Liang!" he ejaculated, looking up. This ring cannot have come from Ling Ti's tomb! These marks—

"Are letters of the Roman alphabet, yes," the old man smiled.

"They are C. P. For, which I take to signify Cai Petronius Fortunatus. The lizard is a favorite Roman symbol of Minerva, representing the Logos, or divine wisdom. Let me outline my humble theory in regard to this ring. I beg that you will correct my unworthy remarks on your own superior knowledge."

"Jim Haney, as aforesaid, held his peace and listened.

"We know," said old Wu, blinking through his spectacles, "that an ambassador from the Emperor Antonine Pius came to Ling Ti about the year 156 of our calendar. This ring came from the grave of Ling Ti. So much, my friend, we know; upon this, we may predicate some interesting facts, hitherto unproven."

"The name of this Roman ambassador was Caius Petronius Fortunatus, and this ring was probably a personal gift to our emperor. Now, it clears up a greatly vexed point in the ethnologic history of our race. You will, of course, recall that in China the transition from bronze weapons to iron was made suddenly and in fact, the pliability about the time Ling Ti reigned, who recalled nothing of the sort, assented mechanically. Later on he looked up the matter and found that Wu Liang was right. Old Wu pursued his topic with a complacency which nothing could have interrupted.

"We know from the work of Chung Chang-tung, an armor with iron plates or laminae appeared suddenly in use about the year 200 A. D. He uses the term 't'le cha; and as cha was formerly applied to bamboo writing tablets, we learn that the iron plates were of this same shape. All this sudden appearance of iron has been a mystery—it is now a mystery no longer! It was this Roman embassy which introduced the Roman style of plate mail; also the two-edged sword, and the use of iron. You understand? This ring in your hand completes an ethnologic circle, accounts for deeply puzzling points in our racial history. Could I think of selling it? My friend, this is the most remarkable piece in my humble collection—it is one of the ethnologic wonders of the world, ranking with the Rosetta Stone or the Nestorian tablet of Si-an. Why, the British Museum would give me ten thousand pounds of it if I wished to sell!"

"Correct," said Haney, not without a sigh as his hopes were glimmering. He returned the ring—the little circlet which in the world of science had more intrinsic value than chests of gold and jewels. But Wu pursued his subject with a calmness which was a little more than a guest would expect. The crossbow appeared in China about the same time, and in the Yen Fan-tu, again, we are told that the old hide armor was useless against this new weapon. The inferences are plain, my friend—the Roman influence! None the less, I thank the dear old man for his guest and his humble and insignificant roof."

"I'm not the only one after it," said Haney, gloomily. "There's Benson, also."

"I have heard of Mr. Benson. He, too, is an American—a famous dealer. The smile of old Wu was cherubic, but his eyes were not. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"He is not," said Haney, with curt emphasis.

A little later, Jim Haney left the villa, afoot. He preferred walking, especially when a stormy mood was on him. He was not particularly worried about any loss of dignity in native eyes.

"Ethnology be damned!" he observed fiercely as he strode toward the city. "I hate like the devil to be beaten. There must be some decent way of getting that ring from old Wu. Benson, now, would probably wring his neck and take it. If I know what's good for me, I'll take it. No money, certainly."

It was fortunate for the existing state of surface peace that at this moment Jim Haney desisted his rival, Benson was approaching in an open chair, and Haney concluded rightly that Benson was going to call on Wu Liang.

Benson ordered his bearers to halt and smiled at Haney. He was a soft-spoken man, this—a crafty, calculating dealer, who made few mistakes and never lost his head. He was hand in glove with all the vicious and crooked elements who might bring grist to his mill. Haney glared at him and would have passed by, but Benson's voice halted him.

"Hello, Haney! Been out to see old Wu, have you? Did you get the ring?"

"You seem to know a lot about it," snapped Haney, his eyes steely and cold.

"I do," Benson chuckled. "I'm on my way to get it now. I have an order for it—ten thousand yen on delivery."

Haney's eyes narrowed, and he smiled angelically. Anyone who knew him well would have left hurriedly about then. Benson did not know him very well personally.

"So?" drawled Jim. "One of your Jap millionaire clients, eh? I heard that you got your start when you sent the jade book of Shun-chin to a Jap collector."

Benson reddened under this savage thrust. That jade book is, among those who know, a fearfully delicate subject. When he responded there was a vicious snap to his voice.

"Haney, I'll not only get the ring—I'll get you! If—"

"So you've come in on the open at last, eh?" interrupted Haney joyfully.

He took three steps forward. Benson, who was a small man, knew better than to reach for a weapon. Haney lifted him out of the chair and kicked him hard.

"You cut! I only wish you'd give me an excuse to put a bullet into you!"

Benson, who never lost his head, rose in silence and patted the dust from his clothes. Haney turned in disgust and strode toward the city. Benson looked after him, and one hand slipped toward a pocket to pause half way there, checked by an inner warning. Men had tried before to shoot Jim Haney in the back.

Haney did not look around. Benson climbed into his chair and ordered the bearers on.

That night Haney learned of the murder of Wu Liang.

JIM HANEY was stopping at the house of his friend Kiang, the fur merchant, and had full details of the murder from the number one boy. Some time during the early evening old Wu Liang had been hit on the head and killed—brutally. Many of his choicest treasures were missing. No one knew who had committed the crime. There was no clue of any sort.

Haney sent off a note to Wu's secretary, and speedily learned that the ambassador's ring was among the missing objects. Of course, Haney had no doubt that Benson instigated the murder, but he was only the starting point of his troubles.

Unless he were to give up the ring as lost, he found himself facing a very stiff proposition. And Jim Haney prided himself on finishing whatever he started.

Under the new regime, each province of China is governed jointly by a civil magistrate and a military governor in theory. In fact, the military mandarin maintains the army, does the work, and is quite independent of the feeble civilian government. The mandarin at Cheng-tu was not only very friendly with Benson, but he was open to every graft known. He had even been a few new kinds of graft—quite a feat in China. Further, he was a famous collector of antiques on his own account, as are many high officials.

"The civil magistrate here keeps out of sight—no help from him," reflected Haney. "Benson is living at the mandarin's yamen. If I know what's good for me, I'll better stay away from there. Topit's just left town, confound him! May not be back for a week. If I could prove this murder on Benson, I'd gladly shoot the dog, but how the devil can I prove it? I'm not a Sherlock Holmes. And I guess I'm not very responsive."

"I am a lonely old man and know nothing."

"But you have tong brethren, and the guilds are strong in Cheng-tu."

"Also, I am sad. Wu owed me an account of eight hundred liang for fur. He has no heir, the state takes

his property, and my bill will be unpaid."

Haney swore to himself at this news. All Wu's magnificent collection would go to the local mandarin—and Benson would get a fat slice of it!

"Your bill will be paid," said Haney, swallowing his wrath. "I will pay it. I will also pay your tongue one thousand dollars, gold of Shanghai, for proof of the murderer's identity. I will pay five thousand for the recovery of the ring, or one thousand for information leading to its recovery—by me."

At these agreeable words, the fur merchant warmed up amazingly.

"That is something like!" he said approvingly. "The yamen of the first scholar in China!" Kiang spit disgustedly. "It is better to be a coolie and raise your children to sell down the river than to be a scholar in this degenerate age."

"Further," said Haney, who, deep inside of him, was bitterly angry at the brutal murder of Wu Liang, "the dead man was my friend, and his murder was due to the poor government here. Therefore, I will subscribe five thousand silver, to your guild on the day the mandarin is removed from office and another Chang-chun installed in his place."

KIANG blinked delightedly. "I will report all this to my tong brethren," he said, and Haney knew that he had managed to start something.

These things were before the day of the Future Welfare Society and kindred organizations among the Japanese. It was a terribly strong at Peking, and was just starting the morphia traffic. The old statesmen of the empire were still ruling the new republic. Graft and corruption were rampant. The one strong power in all China was that of the tongue—the kung-so, or club, and the kung-so trade guilds. This power, once exerted, was far-reaching and potent. Haney began to have some hope—not much, but some.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon his hopes went glimmering—went with a crash. Haney was in an unassuming mood. His glow of virtuous wrath against Benson had for the moment dissipated his natural caution. At 3 o'clock he was on his way across town, afoot, as was his custom, to the temple where his partner lodged. He was hoping to find that Topit had returned to the city.

In the Street of Ten Thousand Excellent Virtues, a foul and narrow lane that led toward the river, Haney was abruptly aroused to danger. At the street corner ahead appeared a file of provincial soldiery from the mandarin's yamen. A cry of "foreign devil!" from behind drew his attention to the soldiers crowding in from the rear. Trapped!

Jim Haney paused to ask no questions. Time enough for explanations later! That one glance showed him there was no avenue of escape. Characteristically, he made one for himself. Putting his shoulder to the nearest door, he burst it open and vanished into the darkness.

Out in the Street of Ten Thousand Excellent Virtues arose wild turmoil, confusion of running soldiers, screaming town folk. A pious Mohammedan who was on his way to the mosque was stabbed by somebody. The religious riot followed promptly, and prominent in the affair were two minor members of the kung-so, or guild, of fur merchants. Presently the tumult quieted. The soldiers were not certain where Haney had vanished, so began a house-to-house search. Meantime, the officer in charge of the party proclaimed that the foreign devil had murdered the scholar, Wu Liang, according to evidence presented at the yamen.

The search was made thorough, but the foreign devil was not found.

A wealthy Chinese dwelling, facing south for luck, roughly consists of four buildings around a courtyard. Benson, who was installed as a guest in the dwelling of the local mandarin, occupied one of the four, or back rooms. In this instance the rear wall of the dwelling backed up against the grounds of a small temple, giving a very pleasant outlook by day. Now it was evening, however. Benson had closed the paper shutters and lighted candles and had brought forth a flask of Scotch whisky with which to regale the mandarin in strict privacy.

The two men sat in the room, the delicate shell of aubergine porcelain, the mandarin smiling. The ring was very pretty on his finger; also, it was tremendously valuable. Far above such value, however, this suave official ranked the beautiful fashion in which he was tricking this astute white man—tricking him to his very face!

The sleek, fat features of the mandarin smiled in oily complacency.

secretary letting him out the side gate. He carried a bundle; also a short and heavy club, which he swung away."

"Has the club been found?" queried Benson frowningly.

"Not yet, I regret to say," was the soft response.

"The secretary was examined this afternoon and denied his guilt until he was brought to know the infinite mercy of the old Buddha—then he confessed. He aided Mr. Haney in the murder."

"By the way," said Benson, "I'd like to ask that secretary a few questions."

"Justice is swift," smirked the Chang-chun blandly. "He was executed at sunset. The evidence is clear and without a flaw, is it not?"

Benson assented, compressing his lips in restraint. Perhaps Benson, who was no fool, suspected that all this evidence of witnesses was remarkably complete. He must have realized that Wu's secretary had been tortured into a confession and then summarily executed with a really astonishing swiftness of justice. But he assented.

"You did not see Wu this afternoon?" inquired the mandarin.

"No," Benson flushed. "He refused to have me admitted."

A slight detail, this—even a humiliating detail! Benson never dreamed how important it was.

"If Mr. Haney is apprehended," went on the mandarin, sipping his whisky, "you think the evidence will warrant my sending him to Chung-king for trial before his consul?"

"Of course."

"Will you witness the evidence. Besides, America will never bother you."

"Yes. Every one knows that our sister republic bothers no one. If Haney were a British subject, of course, it would be very different. Now, I have sealed the villa of the unfortunate man, and the kung-so authorities are determined to encourage. Hence, the ban against smuggling."

An interesting fact in connection with the Scotch whisky smuggled out of Bahama Island ports to American consumers I picked up the past week while on a cruise. My informant assured me that the Scotch whisky is shipped to the Bahamas in bulk re-labeled 190 proof. There it is reduced to 80 proof and bottled in the bottling three cases of whisky are produced, where the gross cost to the consumer is \$15 a case. This whisky, smuggled into the United States, is sold to consumers at \$100 a case.

"And they are the usual Scotch quart at that," added my informant, "just five-sixths of a quart to the bottle."

Stories of the existence of organized smuggling interests here and in the islands may be accepted as faithful flights of the imagination of the talker. There never was an opportunity given the smuggler to organize. Smuggling ventures are never anything more extensive than individual or partnership operations. It is true there are a few resident agents who make a business of supplying the "exporters." They are known among the latter class. Their sole interest begins and ends, however, in delivering the liquor and collecting the cash, for cash payments, often in advance of delivery, are always insisted upon by them.

IT WAS nearly midnight when Jim Haney, slumped over a chessboard, saw the light of the day. He was checked for the last time. At this instant a gong throbbed somewhere. Kiang arose and excused himself to answer a summons.

Haney yawned. He had been excited very nearly from his after-dinner predicament by two minor members of the kung-so to which Kiang belonged. They had smuggled him home again to the merchant's house, where he had learned that the yamen was seeking him—that he was accused of the murder of Wu Liang on overwhelming evidence.

Haney wanted to go out and fight, but Kiang gently counseled the chessboard instead. And, being wise in some ways, Haney had assented.

Now, Kiang came back into the room, smiling to himself.

"There have been interesting happenings at the yamen," he said

blantly, stuffing some tobacco into his long pipe and sucking at it. "Your compatriot, Benson, gave the Chang-chun poisoned whisky. The mandarin is dead. Benson escaped, has probably fled by way of the river; everything is in confusion at the yamen. I have just had a full report from a long brother who is to be trusted."

Haney came to his feet with a startled oath.

"What? Benson wouldn't do that, Kiang! He's rotten, but he'd never poison—"

"The fur merchant waved his hand gently.

"The evidence was very clear, I understand. I have no doubt that Benson realized the evidence was overpowering against him. Still, he has escaped, and will probably get away. You would not be sorry to have him gone, I think?"

Haney sat down, frowning savagely.

"Look here—I wouldn't have you murder Benson, just because I don't like him."

"No. I think that he will get away," repeated Kiang, smoothly.

Here was an admission, practically an open confession. Haney looked at the fur dealer with unconcealed admiration. It was only this morning that he had mentioned the affair to Kiang at all. Now, within a few hours, the gentlemen of the trade guild had written a new leaf in the history of Sze-chuan province!

"Kiang, I'll have to hand it to you," said Haney, beginning to understand a good many things. "You had your men watching me all day, eh? And this business tonight at the yamen—was that accident or design? The mandarin's death, I mean."

The fur merchant sucked reflectively at his pipe.

"Ah! A combination of both," he answered, smiling slightly.

"But why?" Haney looked helpless and perplexed. "I've no objections to the gentleman passing to his ancestors, or to Benson being sent packing to the coast—but why? I thought you chaps were strong for justice?"

Kiang uttered a dry and cackling laugh.

"My friend, you were certain that Benson murdered Wu Liang. Benson was certain, it appears, that you had done so. As a matter of fact, it was the mandarin who had Wu Liang murdered!"

"You have proof of this?" demanded Haney, eagerly.

"The best in the world," and Kiang quietly handed him the ambassador's ring. "This was taken from the finger of the mandarin."

Haney looked at the circlet with its green jasper stone. Only two days had elapsed since he first saw it; in those two days it had brought death to many men. Here lay the thing in his hand—he slipped it on his finger reflectively.

"See here!" Haney looked at the fur merchant reflectively. "I would like to buy the collection of Wu. Do you think that it might be arranged when the mandarin is appointed here? Would your tong have any influence toward that end?"

"It might be arranged," said Kiang. "Has the affair been concluded thus far to your entire satisfaction? Is the ring the same one you desired?"

Haney took the hint, and got out his pocketbook. "I've no kick to register," he said, and grinned.

(Copyright, 1921.)

Consumers in buying liquor in bonafide original packages when they find their smuggler's agent advancing prices beyond all apparent reason should not be deceived by the fact that some women have taken up the mission of supplying thirst-quenching stocks—of being a grafter. If that idea intrudes itself lead it into the family nursery and leave it there to mature. It will stand a lot of expending and developing before it will round out into a comprehensive understanding of the position of the smuggler and his representatives and be properly purged of prejudice and suspicion. The liquor smugglers and every man and woman assisting them are strictly up against about the toughest situation that could be created for them. And apparently the end is not yet.

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"AMERICAN SAHARA A MYTH"

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

Is any one thing Cuba needs just now more than anything else it is money. The fact that the hundreds of thousands of thirsty souls remain in the United States with parched and burning throats, because they cannot afford the expense of a trip to the West Indies, is of no local interest. The dry era in the United States has doubled in price within the past four months. This tendency local authorities are determined to encourage. Hence, the ban against smuggling.

An interesting fact in connection with the Scotch whisky smuggled out of Bahama Island ports to American consumers I picked up the past week while on a cruise. My informant assured me that the Scotch whisky is shipped to the Bahamas in bulk re-labeled 190 proof. There it is reduced to 80 proof and bottled in the bottling three cases of whisky are produced, where the gross cost to the consumer is \$15 a case. This whisky, smuggled into the United States, is sold to consumers at \$100 a case.

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Move 300,000 Books.

THE library of the National House of Representatives, after occupying quarters on the gallery floor over the main entrance to the House since 1855, when the House wing of the Capitol was built, is now being moved to the basement floor of the House office building, having escaped abandonment.

In this library are more than 300,000 books. It is the depository under the law for public documents, but its usefulness has been very much curtailed during recent years because so many other facilities have been afforded for providing members of Congress with information they are seeking. A branch of this library on the House floor is the real working library of ready reference for members, and this will be maintained.

In the library that is being moved are official records dating back to the first Congress, beginning with the annals of Congress, then the debates, next the Globe and finally the Congressional Records and Journals. There is a constant flow of documents to this library by provisions in the printing law, but an effort will be made during the coming session to have this stopped.

When it has been removed the House library will be thoroughly overhauled, classified and catalogued.

It is being moved so that the Journal, bill and tally clerks can have this space directly facing the Speaker's desk.

An Artistic Taste.

THERE are a number of art connoisseurs in Congress—men who admire and appreciate good paintings—and some of these have the artistic sense and sufficient fortune to adorn their offices with choice works of the better brush wielders. Senator Joseph S. Frelinghuysen of New Jersey has quite an art gallery on the walls of his office.

Representative Ben Johnson of Kentucky has two large pastoral paintings hanging in his office.

"Have a Spelling Style Of Your Own," Says Ring

TO the editor: I see by the papers where they are putting on a old fashion spell down in Detroit and giving away prizes to the kids that can spell the best and etc. and a event like this kind always stirs up a lot of int. in a town and is a good thing for a town though it does seem kind of funny to hold a spelling contest in a place where they put a z in Cousins. But any way they's no subject which I am more interested in it than

AS for good spelling being necessary for financial success it would almost seem like the facts of the case



"THE DICTIONARY WAY OF SPELLING WORDS IS SO HARD THAT AFTER EVERY WORD THEY HAVE TO WRITE DOWN ANOTHER WORD TO TELL WHAT IT MEANS."

the subject of spelling and this may come as a surprise to some of my readers as the impression seems to of go around that I am not a No. 1 speller though nothing could be further than the truth. They may be a good many wds. which I don't spell the same way like they are spelled in the dictionary but that is no sign that my way isn't just as good and maybe a little better and I always say that if people can understand easy what a man means, why that means he is a good speller and I will bet you can't find no wds. in any of my writings that is 1/2 as hard to understand as wds. you will find in the dictionary.

In fact the dictionary way of spelling wds. is so hard that after every wd. they half to write down some other wd. that means the same thing so as people can tell what the 1st wd. meant.

SPEAKING about the dictionary it has got a couple of chapters in it which you can read without going to sleep and one of them tells where several different men of learning has tried to fix up our language so as every letter would have only one sound and as soon as you seen a wd. spelled out you would know the right way to pronounce it, and one of these men said the only way that could be done would be by adding 14 more letters to the alphabet. This idea was thrown in the ash can on motion of the people that makes alpha-bet soup.

In another chapter it tells where a man named Ellis was trying experiments with the letters we have all ready got and he found out that you can spell the wd. scissors 6,000 different ways. It didn't tell what he done with himself the rest of the morning. And it didn't tell why we half to go on spelling it scissors when sizzers would cut your nails just as pretty.

H. L. Mencken has wrote a book on the American language which he brings out in it how different we spell than the English though we are supposed to both be using the same tongue.

Well, they will be more and more different as the yrs. go by, so what I say is that it don't do no harm for me to spell a wd. different from the way some old English dictionary writer spelled it, provided I make my spelling easy, which I always do. Like for inst. an Englishman would say:

"I have the honour to inclose a cheque."

Whereas we would say:

"I have the honor to enclose a check," which is two less letters which don't amt. to much in one sentence but would be a big savings in a long book. Take Well's history book for example, and if he had used American spelling I bet he could of wrote it in at least a 1/4 hr. less time.

While we are on the subject of spelling, though I don't want to discourage none of the Detroit boys and gals that's trying to improve themselves along those lines, yet it seems necessary to say at this pt. that spelling is something which you can't master no more than singing alto. Either you are a born good speller or a born bum speller and if you are a good speller you won't half to spend no time in school studying how to spell this wd. or that.

ON the other hand if you are a rotten speller you will keep on being a rotten speller though if you have got a good memory you can get high marks.

Like for inst. I know a gal that when she was in school she always got a 100 in spelling because she studied all the wds. that was in the book and memorized how to spell them. But for the last 2 yrs. after we was married we lived on Prairie Ave. in Chicago and every time she wanted to write and tell one of her friends her address, she would half to go out first and look at the street sign. But a woman don't half to be a good speller to be a good wife and in fact some of the best wives I know has their bad spells.

But they's another wd. of cheer which I might breath to folks that has trouble with their spelling and that is that some of the most famous people in history was rotten spellers and men like Shakespeare and Chaucer and etc. was so bad that if

Permanent Jobs.

THERE is one small group of Congress employees for whom special legislation was passed making their jobs permanent, and who have enjoyed this distinction for nearly fifty-five years. This is known as "the soldiers' roll," carries fourteen names and when one of these old soldiers dies another old soldier is given his place.

The soldiers' roll has its genesis in the following resolution, offered by Gen. Logan in the Fortieth Congress, second session, July 20, 1868:

Resolved, That the doorkeepers be instructed to retain in his service during the vacation of Congress all enlisted soldiers now in his employ, and that such employees be permitted to return to their homes during the recess without discontinuance of pay."

It became the practice in like manner to provide for these old soldiers until the Forty-fourth Congress, first session, when an act was passed making an appropriation of \$1,000 "to pay fourteen crippled and disabled veterans in the employ of the doorkeeper of the House from December 6, 1875, to June 30, 1876."

At the same session the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, contained the following provision:

"And the fourteen messengers on the soldiers' roll shall be employed during the current year at a compensation not exceeding \$1,200 each. And the sum of money necessary to pay the messengers on that roll is hereby appropriated."

Thus this roll was made annual instead of just for the session. In the Forty-fifth Congress, second session, to the appropriation for the soldiers' roll a proviso was added: "Provided said messengers served in the United Army."

In the first session of the Forty-eighth Congress, in addition to the usual appropriation for the soldiers' roll, the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill carried the following substantive provision: "And hereafter messengers on the soldiers' roll shall not be subject to removal except for cause reported to and approved by the House." Since that time there has been no change in the law.

An effort was made in the Forty-eighth Congress to strike the foregoing provision from the bill, but a point of order was sustained against the amendment that it changed existing law. Being permanent law, the insertion of this provision in the legislative bill was not in order. The legislative bill now simply provides an appropriation for fourteen messengers on the soldiers' roll.

This roll, as originally, has always remained under the control of the doorkeeper, who has exercised the authority to make appointments to fill vacancies only, the power of removal being with the House.

A controversy arose early in the history of the soldiers' roll as to which political party was entitled to the credit for its establishment. The facts appear to be that Gen. Logan initiated the movement, and the proposition was later broadened through acquiescence of members of both parties. Both Gen. Garfield (Republican) and Representative Holman (democrat), respectively, claimed credit for the movement.